



BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. H. ADAMS,
PROFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE
CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.
—OFFICE—
On Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church
June 16, 1853. 12—

D. A. HOFFMAN,
Physician & Surgeon.
JACKSON, C. H., O.
Office:—At D. Hoffman's Store, where he
may at all times be found when not absent on
professional business.
May 15, 1851—11.

WM. S. WILLIAMS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.
—OFFICE—At Oak Hill, where he may
be found at all times, when not absent on pro-
fessional business. When absent, all messages
left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly
attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13—14

R. C. HOFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JACKSON, C. H., O.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens,
Pike, Clinton and Gallia counties.
OFFICE:—One door south-west of Daniel
Hoffman's Store.
August 19, '49—14.

H. S. BUNDY,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton
and Athens counties.
Nov. 25, 1850—14.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WILL PRACTICE in the counties of
Jackson and Vinton.
Vinton, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

W. K. HASTINGS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WILL Practice in Jackson, and the adjoin-
ing counties. Particular attention will
be given to the collection of Claims.
—OFFICE—
Over H. W. Whites Hardware Store.
Jackson Sept. 15, 1853. 25—14

PRICE & TAYLOR,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS.
WE are prepared to receive Goods, from the
Rail Road, and forward to the surrounding coun-
ties.
WE are receiving direct from the Eastern
Cities, the large Stock of Goods ever brought
to this Market, come and examine for yourselves,
for it would be too tedious to name our Great Var-
iety.
PRICE & TAYLOR.
September 15, 1853.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!!
GRAVEN, HAMESS, FOUNDED, ROLLER, READY AT
O. & S. SAYLOR'S.
To be sold Gold, Gold, Gold.
THE undersigned having permanently estab-
lished themselves in this place, would announce
to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity, that
they will keep constantly on hand a large lot of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
which they will sell at the lowest cash price,
all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry re-
paired. Entire satisfaction warranted or money
refunded.
O. & S. SAYLOR.
Two doors west of the post office,
In Mrs. Sylvester's Block.
September 15, 1853. 25—14

HO FOR A RIDE.
Come all ye good farmers who wish to shine out,
Just come in and let us know what you are about,
And for Saddles and Harness either common or
fine.
Call at my shop for that's just in my line.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respec-
tfully announce to the citizens of
Jackson and vicinity, that he has per-
manently located himself here for the purpose
of carrying on the Saddle and Taylor's Store,
where he will be found ready to accommodate
or make to order any article in his line. Please
give him a call.
D. W. WINFOUGH.
July 28, '53—14.

RED LIGHT ELDORADO!
E. BROOKS, would say to his old custo-
mers and new ones also, that he has just
returned from the market, with a large and
superior supply of Groceries, coffee, tea, sugar,
cheese, in connection with every article usually
kept in houses of the kind.
His Oyster Saloon, has been fitted up in style,
equal to any in the city, where, at all times he
will be happy to wait upon all that come. He
constantly receives Fresh, Spiced and prepared
Oysters, Sardines, &c. Call and see him at the
red light Saloon.
C. E. BROOKS.
Oct. 6, 1853. 28—14

Select School.
THE organization of a regular Select School,
has taken place in the town of Jackson,
and those who are wishing to take the advan-
tages thereof, will find the way open. Now is the
time; as the fall term is just commencing.
N. B. Terms reasonable.
W. C. DRAPER.
Jackson, Sept. 29, 1853.

Look Here Every Body!!
JUST RECEIVED, a superior lot of patent
Improved Safety Fuse. Also Blasting and
Rifle Powder. For sale low for cash, at
Sep. 6, 1853—14 H. W. WHITE'S.

TRUE AS SHOOTING.
1600 LBS. Prime Sugar, as well as 61c
per lb. Br. Molasses 31c 23. Dry
Goods in proportion. D. LEACH.
Oct. 27, 1853. 31—14

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established in 1850.
THIS company continues to insure the lives
of healthy persons at the lowest safe terms.
D. A. HOFFMAN, Med. Exam.
Oct. 13, 1853. 29—14

BLANK DEEDS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

JACKSON STANDARD.

OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS R. MATHEWS.

TERMS.
If the paper will be sent according to order
per year, in advance, for \$1.00
If not paid within four weeks. 1.50
If these terms will be rigidly adhered to.
If To insure a discontinuance at the end of
the time subscribed for, all arrangements must be
made, and positive directions given to that effect.
If Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
If Advertisements not having the number of
insertions marked on them, will be continued
until forbid, and charged accordingly.

ADVERTISEMENTS INTENDED FOR INSERTION
IN THE STANDARD, SHOULD BE HANDLED IN PREVIOUS
TO 3 P. M., ON TUESDAY.

A SONG.

THE BLEST ONES AT HOME.

THE melody of "Old Folks at Home" has be-
come very popular; but the original words are
a mere negro ditty. The last number of Zion's
Herald contains the following new version—
Away on the banks of life's bright river,
Far, far away—
There will my heart be turning ever;
There's where the blest ones stay.
All through this vale of sin and sorrow
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,
And for the blest ones at home.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O, brothers how the heart grows weary,
Sighing for the blest ones at home!
Through all earth's sunny scenes I wander'd,
In youth's gay morn;
How many precious hours I've squander'd
How many mercies scorn'd!
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,
Wretched was I;
But now my heart has found a treasure,
There with the blest ones on high.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Sighing for the blest ones at home!
One hour there is forever bringing
Memories of love;
'Twas when my sight was changed to singing
Of the blest ones above.
When shall I see my Saviour reigning
On his white throne?
When shall he hush my heart's complaining,
There with the blest ones at home?
All till then is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam.
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Longing for the blest ones at home!

Select Tales.

THE YANKEE AND THE PIRATE.

There lived not many years ago on the
eastern coast of Mount Desert, a large
island off the coast of Maine, an old fish-
erman by the name of Jeddiah Spinnet,
who owned a schooner of some hundred
tonnes, in which he, with four stout
sons, was wont, about once a year to go to
the Grand Bank for the purpose of catch-
ing codfish. The old man had five things,
upon the peculiar merits of which he loved
to boast—his schooner, Betsey Jenkins,
and his four sons.
The four sons were all that their father
represented them to be, and no one ever
doubted his word when he said that their
life was not to be found for fifty miles
round. The oldest was twenty-two while
the youngest had reached his sixteenth
year; they answered to the names of Seth,
Andrew, John and Samuel.
One morning a stranger called upon
Jeddiah, to engage him to take to Havana,
some iron machinery belonging to
steam engines for sugar plantations. The
terms were soon agreed upon, and the old
man and his sons immediately set about
putting the machinery on board; that ac-
complished, they set sail for Havana,
with a fair wind, and for several days pro-
ceeded on their course without an adven-
ture of any kind.
One morning, however, a sail was de-
scribed off the starboard quarter, which, af-
ter some hesitation, the old man pronoun-
ced to be a pirate. There was not much
time left them for doubting, for the vessel
saluted them with the not very agreeable
whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just
under the stern.
'That means for us to heave to,' re-
marked the old man.
'Then I guess we'd better do it, hadn't
we?' said Seth.
'Of course.'
Accordingly the Betsey Jenkins was
brought up into the wind, and her main
boom lay over to the windward.
'Now boys,' said the old man, as soon
as the schooner came to a stand, 'all we
can do is to let quiet as possible and trust
to fortune. There is no way to escape,
but I can see now, but perhaps they will
take such stuff as they want, and then let
us go. At any rate, there is no use cry-
ing about it, for it can't be helped. Now
get your pistols and see that they are sure-
loaded, and have your knives ready, but
be sure to hide them, so that the pirates
shall see no show of resistance.'
In a few minutes all the arms which the
vessel afforded, with the exception of one
or two old muskets, were secured about the
persons of our Down Easters, and then
they quietly awaited the coming of the
schooner.

'One word more, boys,' said the old
man, just as the pirate came round under
the stern. 'Now watch every motion that I
make, and be ready to jump the moment I
speak.'

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking,
the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's
lee quarter, and in a minute more the lat-
ter's deck was graced by the presence of
a dozen as savage looking mortals as eyes
ever looked upon.

'Are you captain of this vessel?' asked
the leader of the boarders, as he approached
the old man.

'Yes, sir.'

'What is your cargo?'

'Machinery for steam engines.'

'Nothing else?' asked the pirate, with a
searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye
caught what looked like a sail off to the
southward and eastward, but not a sign be-
trayed the discovery, and while a brilliant
idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly
replied.

'Well, there is a little something else.'

'Ha, and what is it?'

'Why, sir, I oughtn't to tell, said
Captain Spinnet, countering the most
extreme perturbation. 'You see it was
given to me as a sort of trust, and I
wouldn't be right for me to give it up.'

'You can take anything else you please,
for I can't help myself.'

'You are an honest codger, at any rate,'
said the pirate; 'but if you would live ten
minutes longer, just tell me what you've
got on board, and exactly where it lays.'

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the
old man to his senses, and in a deprecating
tone, he muttered.

'Don't kill me, sir, don't. I'll tell you
all. We've got forty thousand silver dol-
lars nailed up in boxes, just for'd of the
cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Deloe didn't sus-
pect that anybody would have thought of
looking for it there.'

'Perhaps so,' chuckled the pirate, while
his eyes sparkled with delight. And then
turning to his own vessel, he ordered all
but three of his men to jump on board the
Yankee.

In a few minutes the pirates had taken
off hatches, and in their haste to get at the
'silver dollars,' they forgot all else; but
not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at
work, and no sooner had the last of the
villains disappeared below the hatchway,
than he turned to his boys.

'Now boys, for your lives! Seth, you
clap your knife across the forehatch and
halyards, and you, John, cut the main—'
Be quick, now, and the moment that you
have done it, jump aboard the pirate—'
Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pi-
rate's grapples, and then you jump—'
then we'll walk into them three chaps a-
board the clipper. Now for it!

No sooner were the last words out of the
old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly
as they were directed. The fore and
main halyards were cut, and the two
grapples cast off at the same instant, and
as the heavy gulls came rattling down,
our heroes leaped on board the pirate—'
The moment the clipper felt at liberty, her
head swung off, and before the astonished
buccaners could gain the deck of the
fisherman, their own vessel was near half
a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping
gracefully away before the wind, while the
three men who were left in charge were
easily secured.

'Halloa, there!' shouted Captain Spin-
net, as the luckless pirates crowded a-
round the lee gangway of their prize,
'when you get them silver dollars, just
let us know, will you?'

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the an-
swer the old man got, but they did him
no harm; and crowding on sail, he made
for the vessel he had discovered, which
lay dead to the leeward of him, and which
he now made out to be a large ship.

The clipper cut through the water like a dol-
phin, and in a short space of time Spin-
net luffed up under the ship's stern, and
explained all that had happened. The
ship proved to be an East Indiaman,
bound for Charleston, having all told thirty
men aboard, a portion of whom at once
jumped into the clipper and offered their
services in helping them to take the pi-
rate.

Before dark, Captain Spinnet was once
more within hailing distance of his own
vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth,
he shouted:

'Solomon, ahoy! Will you quietly sur-
render yourselves prisoners if we come on?'

'Come and try it!' returned the pirate
captain, as he brandished his cutlass a-
bove his head in a very threatening man-
ner, which seemed to indicate that he
would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment; for Seth,
crouched below the bulwarks, taking de-
liberate aim along the barrel of a heavy
rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the
act of turning to his men, the sharp crack
of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang its death
peal, and the next moment the pirate cap-
tain fell back into the arms of his men,
with a brace of bullets in his heart.

'Now,' said the old man, as he leveled
a long pivot gun, and seized a lighted
match, 'I'll give you just five minutes to
make up your minds in, and if you don't
surrender, I'll blow every one of you into
the other world.'

The death of their captain, and withal,
the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the pec-
uliar properties of which they knew full
well—brought the pirates to their senses,
and they threw down their arms, and ac-
cording to give themselves up.

In two days from this time, Captain
Spinnet delivered his cargo safely at Ha-
vana, gave the pirates into the hands of the
civil authorities, and delivered the clipper
up to the government, in return for which
he received a sum of money sufficient for

independence for the remainder of his
life, as well as a very handsome medal
from the Governor.

THE POOR CUSTOMER.

'How much butter?'

'One half pound, if you please.'

'And sugar?'

'Half a pound.'

'And these oranges?'

'Half a dozen, sir.'

'You go by halves to-day—well what
else? Be speedy, ma'm, you're keeping
better customers waiting.'

'Half peck of Indian meal, and one
fine French roll,' said the woman, but
her lip quivered, and she turned to wipe
away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all bro-
ken, at her faded shawl, her thin, stoop-
ing form, her coarse garments—and I read
poverty on all—extreme poverty. And
the pinched features, the mournful, once
beautiful face, told me that the luxuries
were not for her. An invalid looked out
from her narrow window, whose pale lips
longed for the cool orange, for whose
comfort the tea, and butter, and fine
French roll were bought with much sacri-
fice, and I saw him sip the tea and taste
the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of
the sweet butter, and turn with brighten-
ing eye to the golden fruit. And I heard
him ask, kneeling by the smoky hearth
to taste them with him. And as she set
the broken pan on edge, to bake her coarse
loaf, heard her say, 'By and by, when
I'm hungry.' And 'by and by,' when
the white lids of the sufferer were closed
in sleep, I saw her bend over him with a
blessing in her heart. And she laid the
remnants of the feast carefully by, and
eat her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie; the grocer's
hard eye was upon me.

'You're keeping better customers wait-
ing.'

Oh! I wanted to tell him how poverty
and persecution—contempt and scorn,
could not dim the heart's fine gold, puri-
fied by many a trial; that woman, with
her little wants and holy sacrifice, was
better than the sight of God, than many
a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave
that he might be known of men.—*Oliver
Branch.*

THE DUTCH BLACKSMITH.

Col. F. a very irritable and im-
patient man, had occasion once, while pas-
sage on horseback through a small town
in the west, to patronise a Dutch Black-
smith.

'Are you the smith?' he asked of a
stout, black bearded smoky, dirty man,
who came out of the shop to look at the
horse's defective shoes.

'Yes, I been der schmidt,' replied
Meinheer, steadying his pipe with his left
hand, while he lifted one of the horse's
feet with his right.—'You wish him to
have de new shoes.'

'No, sir, in his quick way. "Set the
shoes on his fore feet; that's all."

'Set de shoes on his fore feet; I own
derstand. I will have him in one hour
shoed.'

The Colonel went away, and returning
at the appointed time, found the smith still
at work on his horse. He was very wrong
when he saw the state of affairs; but he
went away again with the promise that in
half hour longer the shoes would be set.
After dinner, in no very mild hu-
mor, he made his appearance again at the
shop, and asked "what was to pay."

"Four shillings," was the reply.

"Four shillings?" It's an imposition,
exclaimed the fiery Colonel. "I never
paid over a shilling for setting a shoe in
my life."

"Very well," nodded Meinheer, "von
shilling for de von shoe—I set de four
shoes—that is four shilling—niz."

"Niz!" the old nick! roared the ex-
cited traveler, "who told you to set more
than two shoes?"

"By doonder!" said the smith, "you
toll me yourself."

"It's a falsehood—a lie—a—"
"Mine Cot! You said set de shoes on
de four foot—"

"So I did! the two shoes on the fore
feet."

"Two shoes on four feet! Von hats on
dree head as mooch."

"You eternal f-f-f-fool," exclaimed the
Colonel, who stuttered when much excited,
"I said set the fore shoes on these
two feet, you b-b-blundering Dutch-
man!"

"Set four shoes on two feet. Ha, ha,
ha," laughed the smith, scornfully and
angrily. "Hundert tounsd blitzen I von
tam Yankee!"

"You w-w-wooden-headed Dutchman!"
"You Yankee goose! monkey! von
tam jack-ass fool!"

The Colonel replied, stuttering worse
than ever; the smith struck his fists and
jabbered Dutch, his knowledge of En-
glish being exhausted; and thus they had
it, 'back and forth,' until a mutual ac-
quaintance came up and explained the
matter. The Colonel paid the charge
laughed at the mistake; while Meinheer
smoked fiercely, cursing copiously the
language which made four feet, or two
feet four feet, 'any way but der right way'
—doonder and blitzen!"—*True Flag.*

An eminent physician has recently dis-
covered that the nightmare, in nine cases
out of ten, is produced "from owing the
newspaper man." How easy it can be
cured.

A German named Kypper has learnt to
fly. He lately flew from the tower of the
Schloss at Leipzig; but he landed on the
ground pretty hard—so hard as to break
both his legs.

HOME MANAGEMENT.

Though the art of managing a house
may seem at first sight a very simple af-
fair, are very few people who do it well.
Most women do either too much or too
little; and we think their husbands gen-
erally dislike the worry of over manage-
ment almost as much as neglect. The
great art is to hit the happy medium qui-
etly, and to keep the servants to their du-
ty without scolding them. It is a great
point to live always in the same manner
as regards style, and to have the cloth laid
just as carefully when alone as when
there is company. When this is the case,
no wife feels afraid of her husband bring-
ing an unexpected guest; and it is grati-
fying to a husband to find a guest of this
kind received quietly; whereas, nothing
can be more disagreeable to a husband
than to see his house thrown into confu-
sion, his wife cross, and his servants
scrambling to change the things laid on
the table, and, in short, everything going
wrong, simply because he has asked a
friend to dine, without giving a day or
two's notice to do so. It would be in bet-
ter taste to allow the stranger to sit down
to a meal as roughly as a country laborer's
in a hotel, than to receive him with
extreme finery; for the awkwardness
and blunders of the servants will soon
show him the real state of the case.

She stood by the alter when she
was sweet sixteen. She was in love; her
destiny rested on a creature in fashiona-
ble clothes, with an empty pocket. He
'came from a good family,' however,
and blood, you know, is something. She
looked lovely as she pronounced the vow.
Think of a vow from a young hair, dark
eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years
old. She stood beside the washbasin when
her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The
hair, the lips, the eyes were not calcu-
lated to excite the heart. Five cross years
ones were about the house, crying, break-
ing up things, and one urging the neces-
sity of an immediate supply of the lactical
secretion. She stopped in despair and sat
down; and tears trickled down her
nose plump and ruddy cheeks. Alas!
Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge.
Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lov-
ers at a proper distance until you have
muscle, limb and heart enough to face the
frowning world and a family. If a chap
really cares for you, he can wait for two
or three years, make presents, take you
to concerts, and so on, until the time
comes. Early marriages and early cab-
ages are tender productions.

PERPETUAL THIRST.—Some years ago
we gave a detailed account of the con-
dition and appearance of a man who was
then supposed to be the greatest drinker
among men in America, if not on the
globe. He is yet living, in excellent
health, at the age of 50 years, and still
remains in a state of perpetual thirst—'
The individual alluded to is Mr. James
Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every
aspect in which the case may be exam-
ined, it is remarkable, and perhaps un-
paralleled in the annals of physiology. In
early infancy, the quantity of water he
consumed was so large as to astonish
those who witnessed it. A development
in size and weight of body required a cor-
responding increase in the quantity of his
aquatic potations. Under ordinary cir-
cumstances, three gallons of water is
rather a short daily allowance for him,
and it would be impossible, it seems, for
him to live through a night with less than
a pailful. With this immense amount of
cold water daily poured into the stomach,
Mr. Webb has been in good health and
spirits. We leave the statement of these
curious facts, unembarrassed by com-
ment, and simply asked of learned edi-
torial friends the probable cause of this un-
satisfied thirst.—*Boston Medical and
Surgical Journal.*

GONE ASTRAY.

Cold words to fall on a loving heart—
he has gone astray. And is this the time
to desert him? This the time to taunt
him with words that roll like lava from
your passion, and only sear his soul? No!
he passes under clouds; be his light now;
perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart, that would have
come back like the dove to the ark after
its first transgression, has been frightened
beyond recall by the angry look and
malice, the taunt, the savage charity of
an unforgetting soul. Be careful how you
freeze the first warm emotions of repen-
tance. Beware lest those pleading words,
unheeded now, sting you in some shad-
ow vale of your future sorrow. Repen-
tance, changed by neglect or unkindness,
becomes like melted iron hardened in the
mould. Trifle with it never. Be the first
to meet the erring with outstretched arms.
Wipe the tear from the eye—pour the
balm of consolation on the wounds that
guilt has made. Let your heart be the
grave for his transgressions, your pity
find vent in bearing his burden, not in
useless words. O, forgive the erring!—
Did not He who died on Calvary? Shield
him from the contempt of grosser minds;
make brightness and beauty where all was
cold and storm before in his sad life.

Go to Church.—It is the duty of pa-
rents to see that their children attend the
public worship of Almighty God on the
Sabbath. Nothing acts more unfavorably
on the moral habits and character of an
individual than habitual absence from the
house of God. We do not act the part
of good parents while we leave our fami-
lies unprotected for in this respect. No
neighborhood or community can long
have a healthy state of morals unless it
has an altar erected to the worship of the
ruler of the Universe.

Extracting Corns.

Tom K. had a very bad corn on his
left foot, which is really a grievance to
him. Yesterday he was brought by a
corn doctor, who, to our surprise, he
'bluffed' without ceremony.

'Tom,' says we, 'if that corn hurts
you so much, why don't you try the doc-
tor's salve?'

'Try thunder!' says he, 'wasn't I
fool enough to buy a box of his salve the
other day?'

'Indeed,—but did you try it?'

'I should think I did.'

'Did it affect the corn?'

'Can't say as it did, but it came near
taking off my toe.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, and I'll tell you how it was.—
I put a plaster of the salve over my toe,
put on my boot and went about my busi-
ness. In the evening I could not get my
boot off.'

'Why?'

'The d—d plaster not only stuck to
my foot, but to my boot. It took me an hour
to get that boot off, and then the better
part of my toe, including the top of the
corn, came with it. The doctor said an-
other application would bring the corn
out by the roots, but I'll see him to Hal-
ifax before I try it.'

We think he is about right.

A LOVE LETTER.

Remnant of my Hopes.—May I be
ripped from the borders of your esteem
and never be buttoned to the loop of your
kindness, but I am strongly seamed to the
hem of your beauty. May I never lose a